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Boris Godunov:

opera in four acts,
based on Pushkin.

English text by
John Gutman.



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BORIS GODUNOV



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THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION
KNABE PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY

BORIS GODUNOV

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

by

M. P. MUSSORGSKY

Based on PUSHKIN

English text by

JOHN GUTMAN

Music
ML
50
M 113
36
1753

English Text

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THE STORY

ACT I

Scene 1

Outside a Monastery near Moscow

A crowd of people are huddled in the courtyard of a Moscow monastery, ordered by a guard to pray and beg the Lord for His divine assistance. Shchelkalov, the secretary of the Duma, arrives with a message that Boris has not relented and refuses to become Tsar. After his departure, pilgrims arrive with images of saints and amulets. The people greet them with reverence and pray again to the Lord that He may deliver Russia from its misery and its unending feuds. The guard orders the people to appear the next morning at the Kremlin and the people, wearily, retire.

Scene 2

The Square in the Kremlin

The people of Moscow are assembled for the Coronation of Tsar Boris Godunov. He arrives amidst the general jubilation accompanied by Prince Shuiski and by Xenia and Fyodor, Boris's children. Boris is sad and brooding. A fearful omen fills his heart with dark thoughts. He enters the church and reappears with the crown on his head as the bells chime and the people greet their new Tsar with wild cries of "Glory, glory."

Scene 3

A Monastery

In the dark of the night, Pimen, an old monk, writes the chronicle of his time. Grigori, a younger member of the monastery, lies asleep. As he awakens he tells Pimen of the disturbing dreams he had and he asks Pimen a question that has long been on his mind: who killed young Dimitri, the Tsarevich. Pimen tells him what happened in Uglich that day, when young Dimitri was murdered by three men who admitted that they killed him by order of Boris Godunov. Asked by Grigori how old the Tsarevich was when he died, Pimen tells him that he must have been the same age as Grigori himself. As Pimen leaves the cell to attend the morning prayers, Grigori is left deep in thought about what he has heard.

Scene 4

An Inn near the Lithuanian border

The innkeeper is discovered singing a folk-song which is interrupted by the arrival of Missail and Varlaam, two wandering monks who are heartily welcomed by the lonely innkeeper and who are soon followed by a younger companion, Grigori, who has escaped from the monastery. Varlaam, inspired by the wine which the hostess offers him, sings a song about the famous battle at Kazan and then slowly goes to sleep. Grigori uses this opportunity to inquire from the innkeeper how far the border of Lithuania might be. The innkeeper tells him that the border is quite near and that he could get there this very evening if the police didn't stop him. It seems that a man has escaped and that the police have been ordered to get him. Soon thereafter an officer of the frontier guard appears with a warrant which, unfortunately, neither he nor his assistant can read. He inquires whether anybody in the room is able to read and as Grigori admits to being educated, the officer hands him the warrant and orders him to read it aloud. This Grigori does and it seems that the details of the warrant fit Varlaam, the older of the two monks, to perfection. The officer wants to arrest Varlaam but Varlaam smells a rat and decides to read the warrant himself, although he confesses that he is not much of a reader. As read by Varlaam, it turns out that the warrant rather describes Grigori. As the officer prepares to arrest him, Grigori draws a knife and jumps out of the window.

ACT II

A room in the Tsar's Palace in The Kremlin

Xenia, the daughter of the Tsar, cries for her bridegroom who died just before the wedding. Fyodor, her brother, and their nurse try to cheer her up by singing old folk-songs. Suddenly, Boris appears. He begs his daughter to forget her grief and tells his son to continue with his studies since the day may not be far when he, Fyodor, will be the mighty Tsar of Russia. After Fyodor takes leave from his father, Boris expresses the deep tragedy of his soul. Boris confesses that the bloody head of the dead Dimitri appears to him in his nightmares. Shouts are heard from an adjoining room and when the Tsar asks his son to find out what happened, Fyodor returns with an amusing story about a parrot that upset all the nurses by his weird behavior. Shuiski demands an audience with his Tsar and being admitted tells the Tsar that a usurper is gathering partisans and finds many people willing to believe his claim that he is Tsarevich Dimitri. Boris orders Shuiski to tell him whether he is sure that the boy who was murdered in Uglich was Dimitri. Shuiski is sure of that, and is dismissed by the Tsar who in a fit of hallucination sees the ghost of the dead child approaching him in the dark corner of his room and raises his hand to his God begging for forgiveness.

ACT III

A Castle in Poland

The beautiful Marina, a Polish noblewoman, is found with her friends and attendants who flatter her but Marina is not in a mood for worldly pleasantries. She has met Grigori and she believes him to be (or wants to believe him to be) the rightful Tsar of Russia. Rangoni, a Jesuit, demands of Marina that she must use all her feminine wiles to enslave Grigori and to use his love for her as a stepping-stone for her to become the Tsarina. Marina at first is shocked by this intrigue but as Dimitri comes to her to declare his love and beg her not to reject him she coldly informs him that she will belong to him only if he conquers Moscow as the rightful Tsar.

ACT IV

Scene 1

The Square in the Kremlin

Hungry people are milling about clamoring for food and begging Boris not to desert them in their misery. A simpleton appears followed by a group of boys who tease him and take his only coin away from him. The simpleton cries and when Boris enters the simpleton runs up to him and asks him to murder those boys the way he once murdered the young Tsarevich. Prince Shuiski orders the simpleton arrested but Boris forbids it, and asks the simpleton instead to pray for him.

Scene 2

The Duma

The Duma is in session and discusses what ought to be done about the usurper Grigori who claims to be Dimitri. Their discussions are interrupted by the arrival of Shuiski, who tells them the frightful story of how he discovered the Tsar a few days earlier in a state of complete frenzy, fleeing as it were from the murdered child that seemed to pursue him. As he describes the scene, Boris enters in a trance, shouting "Go, go, my child." The presence of the Boyars brings him to his senses, and Shuiski asks him to admit an old monk who has a message for him. The old monk enters; it is Pimen who tells the story of a blind man who had a vision in a dream that summoned him to go to Uglich and visit the grave of the slain Dimitri. The blind man followed this summon and as he knelt before the grave of the Tsarevich he suddenly was able to see for the first time in his life. This story strikes Boris with terror and he feels that the hour of his death has come. He counsels his son to beware of the intriguing politicians that surround him, he begs him never to ask how he, Boris, became Tsar, and he beseeches him to be a brother and a father to his sister Xenia. Boris dies.

Scene 3

The Forest of Kromy

The fires of the revolution are raging and a wild mob is threatening to do violence to a Boyar whom they have captured. Grigori, now recognized as Dimitri, the Tsar of Russia, appears and promises the people to right all the wrongs that Boris Godunov has inflicted on his subjects. The crowds follow him in jubilation. Only the simpleton remains. Lonely, he sits on a stone in the wide, empty steppe, and staring at the flames of the revolution on the distant horizon he bewails the fate of his land.

The curtain falls slowly.

THE END

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Boris Godunov	Varlaam
Fyodor, <i>his son</i>	Missail
Xenia, <i>his daughter</i>	The Innkeeper
Xenia's <i>nurse</i>	The Simpleton
Prince Shuiski	Nikitich, <i>a guard</i>
Shchelkalov, <i>secretary of the Duma</i>	A Boyar
Brother Pimen	Lavitski } <i>Jesuits</i>
Grigori, <i>later under the name of Dimitri</i>	Chernikovski }
Marina, <i>a Polish noblewoman</i>	An officer of the frontier guard
Rangoni, <i>a Jesuit</i>	Mityukh
	A Woman

BORIS GODUNOV

ACT ONE

SCENE I

[*Outside a Monastery near Moscow. A GUARD appears at the door. The people stand motionless.*]

GUARD

You loafers—
have you turned to wooden statues?
Down there—on your knees!
Faster! Go down!
You're the devil's sons and daughters!
[*The people go down on their knees, reluctantly.*]

PEOPLE

Lord in Heaven, do not reject us, oh
Father.
Lord, we beseech You that You protect
us, oh Father.
We are all orphans without You—
help Your children, Lord!
And with tears we ask You, Lord in
Heaven:
hear our wailing—hear our bitter cries. . .
Help, Father—Lord in the skies above.
Oh Father, Benefactor, don't leave us—
Help, Father!
[*GUARD exit.*]

MEN

Mityukh—say, Mityukh: why do we cry?

MITYUKH

Brother—I can't tell you.

MEN

We must find a Tsar to govern Russia. . . .

A WOMAN

To hell with it! I'm hoarse from shout-
ing.
I ask you, my darling dove—have you a
drop of water?

WOMEN

Wait—I'll serve you in a moment.
Just do not shout so much,
so you won't be so thirsty.

MEN

Women, stop your silly chatter. Quiet!

WOMEN

And who are you to tell us?
Don't think that you can bully us!

MITYUKH

Oh, you witches, keep your mouths shut!

WOMEN

Listen to that little devil.

VARIOUS GROUPS OF WOMEN

He's a fool—he's only boasting.
He's a heathen—he'll be roasting.
God have mercy on this sinner.
Let us run and look for shelter.

MEN

If this nickname does not please you,
if you feel he shouldn't tease you,
we regret it, we regret it.

WOMEN

If we stay, it won't be healthy,
so we'd better run for shelter.

MEN

See the witches—how they're running.
[*The GUARD appears again.*]

GUARD

What's this? so silent? you spare your
voices . . .

I'll show you . . . maybe that your backs
are longing for a thrashing?
I will teach you, you loafers. . . .

WOMEN

Don't be mad, Nikitich; don't be mad,
beloved.

MEN

Let us do some breathing—then we'll do
some praying.

ANOTHER GROUP

He won't let us breathe, the bastard.

GUARD

Shut up—use your voices as you're told.
Well?

MEN

Ready.

CHORUS

Lord in Heaven, do not reject us, oh
Father, we beseech You that You
protect us, oh Father . . .

We are lost without You.

Lord in Heaven: hear our wailing, hear
our bitter cries.

Help, Father!—Lord in the skies above:
oh Father,

Oh father in Heaven, oh Father. . . ah. . .

[*During the last outcries of the people, SHCHELKALOV has appeared at the door of the Monastery.*]

GUARD

Quiet—and listen. Hear what he has to
say.

[*SHCHELKALOV lifts his cap and bows to the people.*]

SHCHELKALOV

Hear me, citizens.
 Boris has not relented.
 He pays no heed to his advisers, nor to
 the Duma.
 He does not want to hear of his accession.
 What sorrow and grief has come to this
 holy land,
 fellow-citizens . . .
 Right has been wronged in this country.
 Let's pray to the Lord in His mercy
 that He may grace us by His divine con-
 solation
 and to Boris may grant His guidance,
 and waken his weary soul.
 [*From afar, the song of the pilgrims is
 heard. The people listen in silence.*]

PILGRIMS

Glory to Him who is the Mightiest in this
 world,
 Glory, Glory to all His powers and His
 Saints,
 eternally glory . . . praise to Him.
 Glory to you, Almighty—glory!
 Thus spoke the Angel to this world—:
 Up, you clouds, and run your stormy way.
 Spread your wings across the Heaven's
 dome,
 over Russia wake, you clouds of God.
 Over Russia wake, you clouds of God.
 [*The pilgrims have arrived at the Monas-
 tery, with images of Saints, and amu-
 lets. The people greet them with
 reverence.*]

CHORUS

Slay and kill that evil dragon—
 dragon spewing poisoned flames from its
 thousand heads. . . . Slay that dragon,
 Russia's misery, and its unending feud.
 And to all who have the true belief
 say: they will be saved.
 Now rejoice and don your festive gowns,
 show the Mother of God on Her
 Heavenly throne.
 And from the corners of this holy land
 united, you greet a mighty Tsar.
 Sing hymns to God, our Father.
 Glory, glory to His holy Saints.
 Sing hymns to praise Him,
 glory, glory to His holy Saints.
 Glory to Him who rules all the world,
 glory, glory to God, the Lord.
 [*The pilgrims disappear.*]

MEN

Mityukh—say: did you hear what they
 were singing?

MITYUKH

I did . . . "from the corners of this holy
 land . . ."

MEN

Well. . . . ?

MITYUKH

" . . . from the corners of this holy land . . .
 you will greet him . . . from the
 corners of this . . ."

MEN

Go on. . . .
 Right!

CHORUS

Now rejoice and don your festive gowns.
 From all the corners of this holy land
 reunited, you greet a mighty Tsar.
 [*The GUARD, who has accompanied the
 pilgrims, returns.*]

CHORUS I

What Tsar?—which Tsar do they mean?

CHORUS II

Stupid question: Tsar Boris.

GUARD

Listen—listen,
 you bunch of donkeys . . . Pay attention!
 Listen to what I say:
 tomorrow after dawn
 you'll gather at the Kremlin.
 That is all.

[*Exit.*]

CHORUS

Kremlin?
 And what are we to do there?

VARIOUS GROUPS OF PEOPLE

It's all the same.
 They tell us "cry"—
 and so we cry some more.
 More crying?
 That's not very hard. . . .
 Well, it's time for sleeping.

SCENE II

[*The Square in the Kremlin. The people,
 on their knees. The sound of many
 bells is heard. SHUISKI appears, with
 SHCHELKALOV.*]

SHUISKI

Long may he live,
 Tsar Boris Feodorovich.

CHORUS

Long life and glory—
 Our Tsar and Father.

SHUISKI

G l o r y

CHORUS

As the sun is to Heaven
 its highest glory,—glory
 to this country, to Russia

Tsar Boris is glory—glory.
 Long life and glory—
 Long life and glory. . . .
 Long live Tsar Boris.
 Long live Tsar Boris.
 Long life and glory—
 Long live Tsar Boris.
 Long life and glory. . . .
 Be happy, friends.
 Jubilate, and be happy, friends.
 Let's be happy, friends.
 Let us praise our Tsar, Boris Godunov.

BOYARS

Long life to him! Tsar Boris Feodorovich. . . .

CHORUS

Long may he live.
 [BORIS appears. SHUISKI motions to the crowd to end their jubilation.]
 To the mightiest of Tsars, Boris,
 be glory—glory—glory—glory—
 GLORY!

[BORIS stands in front of the Cathedral; beside him his children, FYODOR and XENIA.]

BORIS

My heart is sad—
 a strange and fearful omen
 invades all my being with its dark foreboding.
 My Lord and God—You, my Eternal Father,
 from Heaven's throne in mercy look on us,
 and send to me, and to the power of my reign,
 Your holy blessing.
 Let me be kind and merciful like You—
 let me bring glory to the Throne.
 And now we bend our knees
 before the mighty Tsars who governed
 Russia.
 And then I'll call you to a feast!
 All—from Boyar down to the lowly poor,
 All be my guests. . . .
 All will be dearly welcome. . . .

[BORIS, with SHUISKI and his retinue, enters the Cathedral.]

CHORUS

Glory—glory—glory.
 Long life and glory—
 Our Tsar and Father—long may he reign,
 the mighty ruler!!
 As to Heaven the sun is its glory—glory.
 so to Russia her great Tsar Boris is
 glory—

[BORIS appears in the door of the Cathedral]

Glory—and long may he reign.

GLORY—GLORY!

SCENE III

[A cell in a Monastery. It is night.
 PIMEN, writing. GRIGORI sleeps.]

PIMEN

Just one more page—
 the last of all my stories,
 and this will end the chronicle I wrote.
 The work is done, entrusted to this sinner
 by God, the Lord.

And not in vain have I been called for
 many years

to be a witness:

there'll come a day,
 a monk will read these papers,
 and he will reap the fruits of all my toiling.

Then he will light, like me, his lamp at
 midnight,

and shake the dust of all too many years
 to tell again the legends of the fathers.

And thus the true believers will remember
 all that befell in long forgotten times.

Though I am old, my memories are
 young,

the olden times I often see before me,
 like waves that stir the quiet of the sea....

How stormy was it once with great adventures,

how still is now the ocean, and how silent!
 The dawn of day is near—my lamp is but
 a flicker . . .

Just one more page, the last of all my
 stories. . . .

CHORUS (*from afar*)

Lord in Heaven, Father, have mercy on
 Your slaves!

Merciful God.

From the flock of true believers
 turn away all evil thoughts, merciful God!

GRIGORI (*wakes up*)

That dream again! Once again I dreamt
 that dream!

How it haunts me, that cursed dream.

Still at work, the worthy father,
 and no slumber has touched his eyes all
 through

the weary night.

It warms my heart to see this peaceful
 scene

when he is steeped in thoughts of ancient
 glory—

so quiet—so untiring: he writes the book
 of time.

PIMEN

Awake so soon?

GRIGORI

I beg you, worthy man: give me your
 blessing.

PIMEN

May God the Lord protect you, son—
today, and always, and forever!

CHORUS

Lord—All-mighty God—do not abandon
me!

GRIGORI

All through the night you never ceased
your writing.

I was asleep—and yet I am not rested:
an evil dream has stirred my tortured
heart.

I mounted on a mighty stairway
that led me to a tower
and I saw

all Moscow from on high.

Like in an ant-heap

the crowds below

were running to and fro.

At me they laughed,

and pointed with their fingers . . .

it frightened me,

and I began to tremble . . .

I tumbled down the stairs,

and I awakened.

PIMEN

Dreams of a youthful sinner!

Chastise yourself with fasting and with
prayers—

and every dream you may be dreaming
will be pleasant.

Believe me: even now

when in the evening

slumber overcomes me,

before I find the time

to say my prayer,

unquiet is my sleep,

and even sinful.

And in those nights,

I dream of stormy feasts,

of fights and valiant battles

and all the vain pursuits

of thoughtless youth!

GRIGORI

How cheerful was your youth,
how full of ventures!

Down at Kazan

you fought and won a battle

and you were there,

when Shuiski beat the foe

and Tsar Ivan you saw

in all his splendor.

But I have always been condemned

to wander from one cloister to another.

Why was not I

allowed to fight a war,

to see the Tsar

and join him at his banquet?

PIMEN

Consider, son,

the fate of Russia's rulers:

great are the Tsars! yet often . . .

many times it happened

that they abandoned

the regal sceptre

and the purple

and with the crown

their power,

to don a monk's most humble vestment,

to find their peace of soul

within a holy cloister.

[GRIGORI has listened to PIMEN with in-
creasing interest.]

GRIGORI

But now, I want to ask a question that is
on my mind:

Who killed young Dimitri, our Tsarevich?

You, I am told, were present that fright-
ful day?

PIMEN

Yes, I was. Our Lord and God had des-
tined me

to see and witness a bloody deed. I was
in Uglich . . .

they sent me there to do a term of pen-
ance . . .

I came at night . . . next morning dawn
awoke me—

there was a noise, the sound of tolling
bells—

screams—shouts—we all ran to the pal-
ace—

What a sight we saw!

A sea of blood, and in it the Tsarevich . . .
his hapless mother unconscious by his

side.

His faithful nurse was crazed with fear,

and sobbed in desperation.

And then, quite suddenly, the crowd

cried out in wrath

and dragged in the servant who betrayed
her helpless master.

Wailing . . . moaning . . .

But then they find a man, his face dis-
torted,

his eyes aghast: Yehuda Bityagovski.

"Hold him—he killed the boy,"

they're shouting, all at once.

Then the crowd started to pursue

the three who did the murder—

and finally they caught them and made
them stand

before the lifeless body. Oh wonder!

He who died began to tremble!

"Confess the deed," they shouted in the
crowd.

The murderers, in fear of death, admitted
they killed the boy . . . by order of Boris!

GRIGORI

How old was he, Dimitri, the Tsarevich?

PIMEN

Seven years . . . but no . . . how many
years have passed since?

was it ten?—or twelve years?

Yes, yes—twelve years ago. He would
be as old

as you are—and Tsar today!

But God did not allow it, and thus the
crime

that Tsar Boris committed

will conclude the chronicle I write.

You, Grigori, by learning you have form-
ed an

eager mind: to you I want to leave my
work;

in humbleness continue what I started,
and

describe whatever life may show you—:

both war and peace, the reign of future
rulers,

the prophecies and signs that come from
Heaven.

My time has come—it's time for me to
rest.

This is the matin bell. . . .

Do give your blessing, Lord, to all Your
slaves.

—I need my stick, Grigori.

CHORUS

Lord, have mercy on us, have mercy, God,
on us all!

Heavenly, mighty Father—ever just, eter-
nal—

have mercy, Lord!

[*Exit PIMEN. GRIGORI accompanies him,
but remains standing at the door.*]

GRIGORI

Boris, Boris—: you make the country
tremble,

and no one ever dares remember
the fate you meted out to the Tsarevich.

Yet in this quiet cell
a monk recorded all that he knew
of this most heinous murder.

You will be called before your earthly
judges,

nor can you flee

the judgment of the Lord.

SCENE IV

[*An inn near the Lithuanian border.*]

INNKEEPER

In a pond quite near
lives a gander here,

oh—you my gander, dear!
my beloved gander, dear!

Now you must stay here,
lovely gander, dear.

Likes to swim in every pond,
of the willows he is fond.

Fold your little wings,
darling gander mine!

Don't fly away from me,
stay and keep me company.

You will be my love—
like a turtle dove. . . .

and this love will have no end,
you, my sweetheart gander friend!

Come and sit with me,

[*The voices of passers-by are heard in the
distance.*]

close as close can be . . .

Hug me, give me one more kiss,
in my arms you will find bliss—

What is this? I heard a voice.

Guests are always welcome! Hey,
there. . . .

No one. It seems they passed us by. . . .

Kiss me once again—

hold me very tight—

Oh—you my gander, dear,

my beloved gander, dear.

Come, console my heart,

console my lonely heart!

Say, we will never part.

MISSAIL and VARLAAM (*approaching*)

Brothers and Christians,
friends and honest people,
for the church we're building
we ask you for a modest gift.

Bread on the waters—:

you'll be rewarded!

INNKEEPER

Wandering monks they are—two worthy
pilgrims.

Here I am, singing that stupid song—
stupid and sinful, that's too much!

Here are they! two monks, two worthy
pilgrims!

[*She opens the door: VARLAAM and
MISSAIL enter, followed by GRIGORI,
disguised as a peasant.*]

VARLAAM

The Lord may bless this house of yours!

INNKEEPER

Would you like to eat something, rev-
erend fathers?

MISSAIL

We take whatever God may send. . . .

VARLAAM

No wine today?

INNKEEPER

Why, of course! I'll bring you some.
Sit down—rest a while.

[VARLAAM watches GRIGORI, who has sat
down at the table, brooding.]

VARLAAM (to GRIGORI)

What are you so glum about, companion?
Here we are close to the border now:
Lithuania!
And that's where you asked us to take
you.

GRIGORI

I'll never really be safe till I'm over the
border!

VARLAAM

And what's so good about Lithuania?
Take us—: my friend Missail, and I,
wicked sinner:
since we escaped from the cloister walls,
we don't care a single rap what country
we're in—
Russia—Lithuania—what do we care?
If there's some wine!
Ah, there is some now.

INNKEEPER

This is the best I have—may it keep you
healthy!

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

We thank you a thousand times—God
the Lord will bless your heart.

VARLAAM

Near Kazan—near the famous olden
fortress

sat Ivan—making merry at a banquet.

Tartars got from him no pity—
they were told to leave the city,
and not to come again!

But one day he had enough, and in the
dark of the night

asked his men to put a lot of mines all
over the town.

But the Tartars kept on acting like the
owners of the place,

when they saw Ivan, they simply laughed
right in his face—

That's the way they are!

And the Tsar was sad by day and night,
hung his head

to the left, but later also to the right.

Then he called for all his cannoneers,
and he ordered them to be prepared—
every one of them.

As the fuses began to smolder merrily,
one young man threw a light into a
powder keg—

they exploded every single mine that
could be found. Hey!

One could hear the blast for miles
around—

What a noise it was!

And the Tartars yelled and shouted and
shed bitter tears,
such a noise as this one seldom hears. . . .
Most of them would never yell or shout
again:

forty thousand Tartars lay there—slain!
Even forty three!!!

That's how it went—
in Kazan, the famous city!

VARLAAM (to GRIGORI)

Tell me: don't you drink anything?
And it seems you don't even sing?

GRIGORI

I don't drink—

MISSAIL

Each to his own taste!

VARLAAM

. . . and mine is for wine! Come on,
Missail,
let us drink a toast to our charming
host. . . .

(to GRIGORI)

Now listen, you—I do not care for those
that
don't like wine!

Drinking may be piggish—
soberness is priggish!

If you are like us, we'll always love you,
but, if you're a kill-joy, get out of here!

GRIGORI

Drink—but don't forget who you were,
my friend Varlaam!

VARLAAM

Who I was? Remember? But I want to
forget!

Phew!

[*He is quite drunk, and slowly falling
asleep. MISSAIL dozes.*]

There was a man—

a darling man—

spurred his horse so it ran.

He wore a cap—he did not care a rap:
he was filthy, that chap!

GRIGORI (to the INNKEEPER)

Please tell me: this road out there—
where does it lead to?

INNKEEPER

Into Lithuania.

GRIGORI

Is the border very far?

INNKEEPER

No, it isn't . . . if you hurry you can
still get there
tonight . . . if they do not stop you!

GRIGORI

Me? Why should they?

INNKEEPER

Somebody must have escaped . . .
police have been ordered everywhere to
look out for him!

GRIGORI

Eh! this does not seem to be my lucky
day!

VARLAAM

Horse ran and ran—
threw down the man—
he'll get up . . . if he can . . .

GRIGORI

What's the charge against him?

INNKEEPER

How would I know? maybe some robber
or thief.

But if he's smart enough, he has a chance
to fool them!

Do they always get them? No—they
don't!

It might be desperate, if there were no
other road

than just the high road, but
let me tell you:

If you cross the main street, you'll find a
foot-path—

keep on walking—you'll come to a
chapel,

near by a brook. . . .

and from there to Khlopino—and then to
Zaitsero—

From there on you cannot miss it:
you are almost at the border.

Police are everywhere—: therefore be
careful!

They are out to fleece us, and rob us
of our last copeck!

VARLAAM

Came to a door—

he made: knock—knock—

[*A knock at the door.*]

and then he knocked again: knock—
knock—knock. . . .

[*Another knock at the door, louder.*]

INNKEEPER

Who is it now? them again! Oh, darn
it all!

[*She goes to the window.*]

They're always snooping around. . . .

[*She opens the door. Enter two POLICE
OFFICERS.*]

VARLAAM

(*waking up for a moment*)

There was a man . . . a darling man . . .
spurred his horse so it . . .

OFFICER

Who are these two men?

[*VARLAAM and MISSAIL jump up from
their chairs, frightened.*]

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

We are two lay brothers—we are poor
and honest—

wandering through the villages,
begging for a copeck, or two!

OFFICER (*to GRIGORI*)

And you—who are you?

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

Our companion.

GRIGORI

A peace-loving friend of the law!

I have come with these worthy old men,
I'm on my way home now.

OFFICER

Try to get milk from a stone! That case
is hopeless.

Let's try the old ones . . . Hm. . . .

How is everything? tell me: how are
they treating you?

VARLAAM

Oh! very badly—very! Everybody seems
so stingy—

fond of money . . . and they hide it!

God is last on their list. This world is
so sinful,

and it's chockful of heathens. . . .

Walk your feet off . . . begging . . .
praying . . .

and they'll give you half a copeck . . .
that is all!

It is so little, it's just enough for some
wine!

I'm afraid Judgment Day cannot be very
far. . . .

[*During VARLAAM'S last speech, the OF-
FICER has looked at him very closely.*

VARLAAM gets upset.]

INNKEEPER

Lord above—have mercy on us sinners!

VARLAAM

Why d'you look at me—so long and so
closely?

OFFICER

I'll tell you!

Alyokha: have you got that sheet?

Let's have a look. Listen—:

From his cell escaped some unworthy
monk: Grishka Otrepyev—

Have you heard about it?

VARLAAM

No—never.

OFFICER

Well, the Tsar has ordered us to find that
man,

to arrest him and hang him!

I'm sure you have heard that?

VARLAAM

I have not!

OFFICER
Are you a reader?

VARLAAM
No—sorry. I was not meant to be.

OFFICER
Come, have a look at this.

VARLAAM
What is the use?

OFFICER
That man who escaped—whom we must find—you're the one!

VARLAAM
Good Lord! who gave you that idea?

INNKEEPER
God above! the poor old man . . . he's never hurt a spider. . . .

OFFICER
Who can read? somebody?

GRIGORI
Yes—I can read.

OFFICER
Take this. Hurry up. Read aloud!

GRIGORI
"Be it known to every one:
that a heretic, named Grigori Otrepyev,
has run away
from a Moscow monastery.
After he listened to the Evil One, he set
out
to tempt his brethren with visions of
sin.—
Now he may be trying to reach Lithuania.
The Tsar orders you to arrest this
man . . ."

OFFICER
". . . and to hang him!"

GRIGORI
It says nothing here of hanging?

OFFICER
Fool! You ought to learn to read between the lines. . . .
Again: ". . . to arrest and to hang him."

GRIGORI
". . . and to hang him. As for his age . . . he is . . . (*looking at VARLAAM*)
He's about fifty two. . . .
. . . has a rather red nose . . .
is of medium height, but heavy. . . .

OFFICER
That's him all right: let's catch him, children!

VARLAAM
Hands off! I warn you—don't lay hands on me!

you picked the wrong man. . . . Who says I am Grishka?
(*He takes the warrant from GRIGORI*)
No, friends—: I don't care for such jokes! My reading may be halting—I don't say it is fluent . . .
but I can try—let me try—
it seems my life may hang on my reading. . . .
"his age . . . age . . . his age is twenty . . . twenty!"
Who says "fifty-two"? Liar!
"Of medium height . . . he has reddish hair . . .
and on his nose there is . . .
on his nose there is one little wart. . . .
Furthermore—one of his arms . . .
his arms . . . is shorter . . .
one of his arms is. . . ."
I think it might be. . . .
[GRIGORI *brandishes a knife and jumps out of the window.*]
It's him—
don't let him get away!
It's him!

OFFICER

It's him!

MISSAIL

Get hold of him!

ACT TWO

SCENE I

[*A room in the Tsar's Palace in the Kremlin.*]

XENIA

Where are you—
love of mine?
You, for whom I'm longing.
Resting under the green-sward,
far from all who love you,
you must be so lonely,
there under your tomb-stone.
You don't see my sorrow—
You don't hear my crying—
Why did you leave me?
Like you
I am lonely.

(*She cries*)

FYODOR

Xenia: don't cry,
I beg you!
Cruel is your suffering,
but all your weeping
and sighing
cannot bring back to you
your bridegroom—

XENIA

Oh—Fyodor . . .
I loved and adored him,
yet my love did not save him.
All my happiness left me—
I will mourn him forever.

FYODOR

Do not cry, I implore you,
Xenia, my darling.
(*pointing at the big clock*)
The clock starts!
Come, have a look.
The carillon is playing—
it's a very old, famous clock:
once an hour
it shows its wonders to us—
a herald first—
after him come two that play the
trumpet—
two soldiers,
and one with a banner!
Please look at them—
aren't they pretty?
just like live ones—
look!

XENIA

My dearly beloved!
You had promised
to love me—
my heart is aching—
I am yours—forever!

NURSE

My child, darling Tsarevna—
You must not cry!
All this weeping
will make you ugly!

XENIA

I'm suffering, Mamushka—
I'm suffering. . . .

NURSE

Yes—yes, I know, my child.
Maiden tears
are like the morning dew:
comes the sun
and the grass is dry anew.
Think, dear, how wide the world is:
you'll find another prince—
he'll be handsome, too,
and he'll love only you—
and you will soon forget
the bitter tears you cried.

XENIA

Oh, no—no—Mamushka!
No! I want to be
faithful to him alone.

NURSE

Stubborn!
Love was much too brief

for so long a grief!

To a man a maiden gave her heart,
And they swore that they would never
part,
but one day he left her all the same,
and she said: I don't recall his name!
Yes, my darling:
that's the way it happens!
Please, wipe your tears away,
and listen to my song:

Gnat and Bug
were friends, you see,
the Gnat went and cut a tree,
while the Bug baked the bread—
what a lovely meal they had!
While they sat there,
had a talk,
came a cricket,
on a walk,
to the Gnat's and Bug's dismay,
started stirring up the hay!
Bug said: this is bad!
and the Gnat got mad,
for he thought that this was wicked,
with a stick he chased the cricket!
But the cricket
was too quick—
so the Gnat
just threw the stick!
But the stick
would not obey him,
turned around and
tried to slay him!
In the morning's
early light,
Bug came running—
what a sight!
With a shovel
and a spade
to the Gnat
he offered aid.
Tried to lift him . . .
all in vain:
by his own stick he was slain!
Parting from
what he loved most,
Bug himself
gave up the ghost.

FYODOR

Oh—what wonderful story,
Mamushka—
and very funny!
but what a gruesome end?

NURSE

Tell me, Tsarevich:
don't you know another?
Let's hear it, child!
And I'll be very patient,

I'm pretty good at that,
for Tsar Ivan
taught us all
how to be patient!
Well then?

FYODOR

I'll sing one,
and you will join me soon.
I know your patience!
Here's a tale
that you'll like to hear:
a hen, one day,
gave birth to a steer,
and a suckling pig
laid twenty eggs.
Fools think I'm lying—
I'm not even trying!
Cock-a-doodle,
Cock-a-doo—
Little cock, how do you do?
May I ask
what brought you here?
I have come from Kiev, dear!
And in Kiev town,
on an old tree,
sits an owl
with a frown—
for that owl
can't see!

FYODOR and NURSE

Owl thinks
that is wrong.
Owl blinks,
sings a song—
Ping—ping—
double ping—
cut my feather,
hell for leather—
Pong—pong—
double pong—
if you love me,
love my song.
All five fingers—
no one lingers!
In the middle
of the night
little sparrow
saw the light.
He had
narrow eyes—
real
sparrow eyes!
and a beak
like a wedge
with a neat
cutting edge.
Sparrow flew
from his nest,

to the owl
as his guest.
'Cause the night
was so long
they sang
a song.
There was a sexton,
his corn he was thrashing—
it sounded
like thunder—
the flail broke
asunder!
The flames caught
the hay loft,
there was
no hay left!
Sexton got scared—
through the window
he stared.
He was so frightened,
he hid
in the larder
and cried
all the harder!
So he lay there—
it was not gay there!
His wife
all the same
baked a cake
on the flame—
many guests
she would invite
and they feasted
all the night.
And the sexton
ate alone
five hundred pigs—
then he ate
a bull—
after that
he was full!
Clap!

(Enter BORIS)

[The NURSE, on seeing BORIS, curtsies in
reverence.]

BORIS

What's this?
What wolf has stirred
the hen amidst her brood?

NURSE

Mightiest Tsar, forgive me:
but I am old,
and everything upsets me.

BORIS (*embracing his daughter*)
My Xenia,
my much beloved daughter!

You shed a widow's tears
before your wedding—
for he who was betrothed to you
is dead.

XENIA

Father and Tsar,
please do not heed
the tears that I am shedding,
for all my grief
must seem so unimportant
compared to your afflictions.

BORIS

My dearest child—
My darling daughter—
now in a kindly talk
with friends and dear companions,
try to forget
your grief and sorrow.
Goodbye, my child.

(XENIA and NURSE leave the room)

(BORIS turning to his son)

And you, my son—
my Fyodor—
What is this?

FYODOR

This is a map of Russia,
of our country—
from East to West
Look, father:
Moscow—here!
there Novgorod!
and here Kazan.
Astrakhan!
Here mountains,
there Siberia.
And here
the old mysterious woods
of Perm.
The Caspian Sea!

BORIS

All this is beautiful!
As from the clouds
you see our country—
this great and mighty realm
before you:
the borders,
rivers—cities.
Go on, and study!
The time will come,
perhaps it will be soon,
when you
will be the Tsar
of this holy land.
Good-by—my son.

(Exit Fyodor)

Mine is the highest power!
Year after year

my reign was calm
and peaceful—
and yet my heart
has never known
a moment's peace.
How often have I
heard it prophesied:
my power
and my glory
would be endless!
But life,
and fame,
the heady wine of power,
the people's applause—
all that
has lost its lure.
I hoped
I might be happy
with my loved ones—
and I prepared
a splendid wedding
for my child,
for my Tsarevna,
my darling daughter.
Like lightning,
death sweeps down
and takes the groom!
How heavy
lies on me
the hand of the Lord!
And every sinful soul
must fear His verdict.
In vain I strive
to flee from this darkness—
oh, for a ray of hope
to guide me!
My weary heart is aching
with longing,
it cries to God for mercy.
At times I hear around me
a secret whisper . . .
I begged and pleaded—
my arms raised to heaven—
I hoped
that the Saints might hear my prayer.
In splendor I reigned,
my power *is* unending—
the Tsar of Russia!
For tears I begged
that might console me—
I am betrayed,
the nobles hate me—
open revolt
is rife in Lithuania—
hungry crowds . . .
and plague . . .
and devastation!
Like an angry beast
on the prowl

are the people—
 in hunger
 and poverty—
 Russia moans . . .
 For all the sorrows
 that Heaven has sent us,
 to punish the sins we committed,
 they blame the Tsar!
 For all their misfortunes
 they curse my very name—
 curse and despise it!
 I cannot sleep
 at night—
 and yet
 I have night-mares!
 The child—appears to me . . .
 its bloody head. . . .
 eyes red with crying . . .
 begging and pleading . . .
 pleading for mercy—
 no answer to its crying!
 Gaping the wound in its body—
 piercing the shriek
 it cried in dying. . . .
 Oh—Lord above!
 God! my Lord!
 [*The NURSES are heard shouting off-*
stage.]

NURSES (*off stage*)

Ah—shush!

(*Fyodor returns*)

BORIS

What has happened?

NURSES

Ah—shush—shush! Quiet!

BORIS (*to FYODOR*)

Find out

what's going on there!

NURSES

Shush—shush—ahh!

BORIS

Ah—

how they yell!

NURSES

Shush—shush—shush—ah—

[*A BOYAR enters and greets BORIS.*]

BORIS

Well—what now ?

NURSES

Shush—shush—

BORIS

Well—speak up! Speak!

BOYAR

Almighty Lord and Tsar—
 it is, asking you to see him,
 Prince Shuiski. . . .

BORIS

Shuiski? he's here?

Tell him

We shall be glad to see him,
 to listen to his message!

BOYAR

[*Approaching BORIS, and whispering into*
his ear]:

Last night

one of Pushkin's servants

came to tell us

that Shuiski and Mstislavski,

and some others,

and even Pushkin,

held a meeting

in the middle of the night:

a man, it seems,

arrived from Cracow,

to report. . . .

BORIS

Arrest that man!

It's just as I thought!

My son,

what happened to these stupid women?

FYODOR

The parrot's fault. . . .

BORIS

Parrot?

FYODOR

Yes—but there's no reason

why the mighty Tsar

should waste his time

to hear

a silly parrot story—

BORIS

No! no! my son,

let's hear it,

as it happened!

FYODOR

Like every afternoon

Popinka, the parrot,

sitting among the maids,

talked away and chattered.

Then, for a bit of change,

he looked for some caresses—

flying from maid to maid,

he asked to have his head scratched.

First came Nastasya—

she did not feel like scratching!

Popinka—he got mad,

called her "stupid woman."

That was too much for her,

and *he* got a spanking!

Popka began to shriek,

ruffled up his feathers.

Well—then the maids got scared,

and they brought him lots of sugar,

coaxed him with loving words,

to pacify the parrot!

BORIS

Stupid women!

FYODOR

. . . But no,
he would not listen!
He sat there with a scowl,
shoulders raised in anger . . .

BORIS

I see him!

FYODOR

He would not even look
at the sweets they brought him—
then, turning on the one
who did not feel like scratching,
he pecked her in her face—
and the poor maid cried and fainted.
That's where the noise began:
all the maids were yelling—
and chasing through the room,
Popinka they tried to capture—
but all in vain—
every one got pecked by Popka!
This, father dear and Tsar,
is why you heard an uproar:
just a bunch of maids, frightened by a
parrot!
That is all there was—
that's the story.

BORIS

My son—
my dear, beloved Fyodor,
cleverly and like an artist,
you told me a truthful story.
In simple and well-chosen pictures
you clearly described
all that had happened.
Such are the fruits
of learning—
Trust is the beacon
that shines in the darkness!
Lord,
let me see the day
when they as Tsar acclaim him—
the rightful Lord of Holy Russia!
Oh—how I would gladly,
renouncing all my powers,
for such a blessing
exchange my sceptre
and the purple!
When you are the Tsar
you always must endeavor
to have around you, child,
a group of trusted counsels.
Don't trust Shuiski—
he's a cunning intriguer,
he's full of knowledge,
but he's sly—and false. . . .

SHUISKI (*enters*)

Almighty Tsar and Lord
I greet you!

BORIS

Oh! it's you, my worthy Prince!
the man who's proud to lead
the brainless masses—
a master in the noble art of treason!
You—the evil spirit of the throne—
every oath that you swore
you've broken threefold—
cunning hypocrite—wheedling flatterer—
a traitor disguised as a Boyar.
Deceiver! Snake!

SHUISKI

When Ivan ruled Russia
(may he rest in peace, now and ever)
Shuiski was a name
that used to be received with honors!

BORIS

Yes—but Tsar Ivan,
were he alive now,
it would be his delight
to see you burn to death.
Yes, and he himself,
the Tsar and master,
would fan the raging flames,
fan them ever higher,
a Holy psalm upon his lips.
But I am kinder:
it gives me pleasure
to forgive my haughty servants!

SHUISKI

Tsar . . .

BORIS

Well, what do you have to say?

SHUISKI

Tsar—please listen:
I bring you news
of great importance to the throne.

BORIS

Is this perhaps the news
that you and Pushkin heard
when you received a message
from all your noble friends
that I have banished?

SHUISKI

Yes, mighty Tsar.
The rumor speaks of a usurper;
the Poles—the Pope—
they *all* are on his side!

BORIS

But—who is the man?
Whose name has he usurped,
the scoundrel?
Yes—first I want to know
his name! You know it?

SHUISKI

Believe me, Tsar:
 your power is tremendous.
 Your charity, your kindness, and your
 bounty
 have won the love
 of every humble slave.
 and they have vowed their faith
 to you and to your throne.
 Yet, I must warn the Tsar,
 my master and my Lord,
 although with sorrow and with grief
 my heart is bleeding—
 you *must* be told
 that this may happen:
 if he should drive so far
 his criminal intentions
 to enter Russia
 and to march on us,
 and if he tries to captivate the crowds,
 Dimitri's name
 may be a mighty weapon!

BORIS

Dimitri's name?
 Tsarevich, leave us, please.

FYODOR

Please let me stay
 and let me be
 beside my father
 when he must hear
 the fearful news
 that threatens Russia's throne.

BORIS

No—no—
 you must not stay!
 You heard me—
 obey me:
 go! Tsarevich!

(FYODOR *exits*)

Take measures—
 don't delay:
 have soldiers guard
 all Lithuanian frontiers at once,
 that not a single soul
 can enter Russia any more!
 That's all.
 No! stay here—
 stay here, Shuiski.
 I ask you:
 have you ever heard
 that children who are dead
 return from where they slumber,
 to prosecute the Tsar—
 the Tsar!
 the ruler
 elected by the people,
 and crowned in solemn ritual
 by the Patriarch? . . .

Ha—ha—ha—ha
 What? you laugh?
 Why don't you laugh, then?

SHUISKI

Forgive me,
 Almighty Tsar and Lord.

BORIS

Tell me, Prince:
 That day in Uglich,
 where the murder was committed,
 and when Dimitri, the Tsarevich,
 was killed—
 I know that you were there:
 you must have seen the lifeless body
 while the people of Uglich
 were shouting in the streets
 to vent their deep despair,
 crying out for vengeance . . .
 are you *quite* sure
 the victim . . . was . . . Dimitri?

SHUISKI

Quite.

BORIS

Vasili Ivanich!
 By all that you hold holy
 I beseech you
 be frank with me—
 Truth—
 truth is all I want!
 I shall be magnanimous:
 the past is past—
 and even your betrayal
 I can forget.
 But—
 if you cheat me now,
 and lie to me,
 I shall devise
 a punishment,
 so devilish
 that Tsar Ivan himself
 would tremble in his grave
 with horror . . .
 Now answer me!

SHUISKI

You don't believe me, Tsar.
 You even doubt that I have
 always been your faithful slave—
 you speak of punishment
 to scare me—
 no death I fear,
 I only fear your anger!
 Everyone in Uglich
 had seen the body:
 five days and nights
 it lay outside the old cathedral,
 and with the child
 another thirteen corpses,
 disfigured terribly,

in rags, and blood-bespattered.
 One could see
 how all of them
 had slowly started rotting . . .
 but then I saw
 Dimitri's face
 was peaceful, pure, and radiant.
 But bloody red,
 frightfully,
 his wound was gaping—
 yet on his lips,
 so chaste and so guileless,
 a child's contented smile was playing—
 he looked as if he were asleep
 and dreaming a happy dream . . .
 and in his right hand
 he clutched a little toy,
 as though defending it.

BORIS

No more—Prince!

(Exit SHUISKI)

Ah!—for some air!
 I'm suffocating here—
 I feel how all my blood
 is rushing to my head,
 it's raging in my temples.
 A guilty conscience
 is a cruel punishment.
 [*It is getting darker; the carillon begins
 to play.*]
 If you did
 but once in life
 an evil deed,
 and though it was your fate
 that made you do it—
 your soul is doomed,
 your heart is drowned in poison—
 The furies
 haunt and mock you—
 like hammer blows
 falls on your ears
 the thunder
 of damnation.
 My head is reeling—
 reeling—
 and all my strength has left me—
 I see . . . the child . . .
 I see it lying there . . .
 [*The clock strikes eight. A ray of moon-
 light falls on the moving figures.*]
 What . . . is this . . . over there . . .
 in the dark. . .?
 It threatens me . . .
 it grows . . . closes in . . .
 it moans and trembles . . .
 Go—go—
 not I—
 I did not . . . murder you—
 go—go, my child!—

it was—not I—
 It was the people—
 go! my child . . .
 Hear me—Lord!
 You, so great
 and ever merciful—
 forgive me, Father!
 Have mercy on
 Boris, the sinner.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

[*A Castle in Poland. MARINA'S room.*]

(*friends of MARINA*)

FOUR GIRLS

How blue is the river
 how shady the willow—
 See there: a flower,
 whiter than snow-white,
 and down in the water
 it looks at its picture:
 how lovely the flower
 admiring its beauty.

CHORUS

And over the flower
 so gay in the sunshine
 a swarm of
 enchanted butterflies
 is dancing.

THE FOUR GIRLS

They all are
 madly
 in love with the flower—
 longing
 to touch it—
 and yet they
 do not dare.
 They all are
 in love
 with its beauty.
 So blue is the river
 so lovely the flower
 and down in the water
 it looks at its picture.

MARINA

I want my golden band.

CHORUS

But here in
 the castle
 there, too, is beauty—
 a beauty
 much greater
 than that
 of flowers:
 no flower ever
 has been
 so enchanting!

A glory,
a treasure
to all
who love Poland:
a woman—
a queen.

THE FOUR GIRLS

And many daring men—
so proud and
so noble,
in awe
they bend their knees
before her
regal beauty.

CHORUS

A smile
and a greeting
is all they
are craving.
For this
they would gladly
forget
all the others!
The beauty
is silent
it seems she
is smiling
at all they are saying
of love
and of passion—

THE FOUR GIRLS

The longing
the pining
of their hearts:
she gives them . . .
no answer.

MARINA

How charming!
The lovely lady answers:
"Thank you."
I thank you
for your kindness,
and for comparing me
to flowers
that are whiter still
than snow-white . . .
But what you're saying
does not please me.
Your words are meant to flatter
and you speak of daring men
who pay me homage,
young and noble heroes
who bend their knees before me.
"A smile is all they're craving
they pine away in longing . . ."
These are not the words to please me,
my companions:
do not speak to me of beauty,

of admirers.
Sing to me the olden ballads
that my dear old nurse once sang me—
songs of greatness—
songs of battle—
of the glory
that was Poland.
Songs of Poland's
mighty maidens—
songs of foes that
ask for mercy . . .
Yes, these are the songs
that please me,
lovely ballads
of my childhood.

(*Dismissing them*)

. . . till later.
You, Ruzya, I do not need you, darling—
go and rest—

[*MARINA, remaining alone.*]

Life is so boring—oh! how boring—
All my days
are dull and empty—
I am sad and weary,
life is meaningless,
a wasteland.
All the noble counts and princes
with their wealth and power
can't relieve this frightful boredom . . .
And yet,
from far horizons
comes a ray of hope
that blinds me—
there, from Moscow,
comes a stranger,
fills my doubting heart
with wonder.
My Dimitri,
great avenger,
show no mercy!
In the name of
God Almighty,
you'll avenge
our poor Tsarevich,
who was slain
by lust for power,
and the Tsar
whose hands are guilty
of bloody murder
you will punish!
I'll awake
my noble countrymen,
and with dreams
of gold and booty
I will lure
their greedy hearts!
You, my friend,
my valiant hero,

you'll be mine forever,
 for with tears of
 burning passion
 I'll enslave you!
 My Tsarevich,
 my Dimitri,
 You were meant
 to love me. . . .
 and with words of
 tender longing
 I will tie
 your heart-strings.
 Not for me
 the love of courtiers,
 all their wooing
 only bores me—
 to their fervent protestations
 my contempt will be my answer.
 What I want is
 fame and glory—
 What I want is—might and power!
 On the throne
 of Russia's rulers
 the Tsarina I shall be,
 and enwrapped in gold and purple
 I'll be shining
 like a sun.
 With my charms,
 my radiant beauty,
 I will conquer
 all of Moscow.
 The Boyars,
 so proud and haughty,
 they will bow to me,
 and greet me!
 And in ballads,
 songs and legends
 they will praise me.
 Yes—the dullest men in Moscow
 yet will praise
 their proud Marina!—
 [*She suddenly sees RANGONI, who is
 standing by the door, humbly.*]
 Ah! it is you, holy man?

RANGONI

In humbleness,
 as servant of the Lord, our Father,
 I crave that I may ask
 the beautiful Marina
 to lend an ear to me?

MARINA

My father, you must not even ask!
 I am, and will be
 an obedient daughter
 of the faith.
 I'm serving
 the Church that is forever
 great and undivided.

RANGONI

But, my child,
 the holy Church
 is now forsaken:
 and the pictures of the saints
 have faded—
 Where is our faith?
 Its sources flow no longer . . .
 and where do you find
 the scent of incense?
 And bleeding—gaping—
 the wounds of the martyrs.
 All you hear in the temples
 is moaning . . .
 all the priests
 shed tears of desperation.

MARINA

My father! I . . .
 I am confused by what you say . . .
 all your bitter words
 sound to my faithful heart
 like a knoll of sorrow
 and of mourning.

RANGONI

Hear me, child—Marina!
 You have been called
 to bring the unbelieving
 back to faith and church
 and to lead them to their salvation,
 to destroy all this sinful dissension.
 And your name will be holy forever,
 and the angels of God, the Almighty—
 they will sing your praises!

MARINA

. . . And my name will be holy forever
 and the angels of God, the Almighty,
 they will sing my praises . . .
 Oh!—sinful words!
 My father . . .
 with what temptation
 you try to lure the weak and fickle heart
 of one who has no knowledge of the
 world!
 I'm young, I'm fond of pleasures,
 I want a life in joy and splendor—
 I am not the one who's chosen
 to serve the Church in glory—
 please—forgive me.

RANGONI

Enslave with your beauty
 the heart of Dimitri!
 Tell him you love him,
 be tender and passionate,
 try to beguile and enchant him.
 Flames in your glances
 and smiles on your lovely lips,
 make him forget who he is!
 Dismiss all your futile and groundless
 fears

and defy
 all the pangs of your conscience.
 Pay no attention
 to empty old legends
 of maidenly modesty
 and all such nonsense.
 One day
 you show him your anger,
 you prod him with moods and caprices—
 the next,
 you're loving and longing,
 and try to deceive him—
 always tempt his heart,
 and bewitch his mind . . .
 And when finally vanquished,
 he's kneeling before you,
 in wordless enchantment,
 waiting for your orders,
 ask him to swear
 that he'll serve the Church forever!

MARINA

I shall never do that!

RANGONI

What? the Church demands it,
 and you dare deny it?
 Whatever may redound to its glory
 your duty will bid you surrender,
 unfeared, and without asking—
 even your honor!

MARINA

That . . . is not true!
 I curse every word you have said to me.
 You have a wicked and vicious heart.
 My curse on you!
 I've only contempt for you.
 Go—go—I say!

RANGONI

Marina!
 How your eyes sparkle
 with diabolical passion—
 your face is distorted,
 and you are trembling—
 a breath of hell and its pestilence
 has blown all your charms away.

MARINA

Oh, Heaven, save your helpless child!
 Heaven, tell me what to do!

RANGONI

You can't flee
 the powers of darkness,
 the demon of pride
 fills your mind with his poison
 and on the wings
 with which Hell has endowed him,
 Satan himself
 is hovering above you.

MARINA

Ah!

RANGONI

To me who comes from the Lord
 entrust your soul—and surrender.
 With every thought—with every dream
 you're dreaming
 you will become . . . my slave!

SCENE II

[*A hall in the Castle. A fountain is seen through the windows. It is a moon-lit night.*]

GRIGORI

This is the night . . .
 I am trembling—
 Oh, my beloved,
 you have enchanted my heart.
 I'm yours forever!
 Oh come, my love,
 I long for you—
 I'm waiting . . .
 I'm waiting for you in the dark of night!
 Why don't you hear my plea?
 Have you forgotten me?
 I have no dream but you—
 all my life is yours . . .
 a loving word from you
 and a tender smile
 alone can heal all the sorrows
 of my weary heart.
 Marina! Marina!
 I beg you give me answer.
 Oh come, oh come . . . I love you so!
 No—no one answers!
 [RANGONI *appears suddenly.*]

RANGONI

Tsarevich—Dimitri!

GRIGORI

Who are you?

RANGONI

I warn you, go and hide
 before Marina's guests come nearer.
 Beware, Tsarevich—I beseech you, be-
 ware!

GRIGORI

Let them come—
 I'm ready to receive them
 with all the honor that is due them!

RANGONI

I've warned you, Tsarevich,
 you will perish yourself—
 endanger Marina!—
 They must not find you.
 [He drags GRIGORI away with him.
 MARINA enters with her guests,
 MARINA herself on the arm of an old
 Polish nobleman.]

MARINA

Do not speak to me of love and passion,
all your solemn oaths, I fear, will not
convince me—

Yes, my friend, your case is hopeless . . .
[MARINA and her escort disappear.]

CHORUS

Moscow's haughty power
will yet yield to Poland.

MEN

And her mighty soldiers,
they will rot in prison.
And Boris, their ruler,
we will beat forever!

WOMEN

Yes, it sounds enchanting—
but why don't you do it?
Show the Russians: you're the stronger.
And Boris is Tsar no longer!

MEN

For Poland's greater glory
first we must destroy
the might of Moscow!

WOMEN

Marina cannot help us:
her beauty is too cold
she's haughty—proud . . .
[MARINA returns and joins her guests.]

MARINA

And now—let's drink, my friends!

CHORUS

And here's to you, Marina!

MEN

Drink with us to fame and beauty!
A glass of wine to toast Marina!
The crown of Tsars
will yet adorn Marina!

CHORUS

To her!
To fame!
To might!
The crown of Tsars for her!
[They all leave. GRIGORI enters.]

GRIGORI

There was no escaping!
In his cursed claws
the wily priest had caught me!
And yet—I saw her—fleetingly.
I saw my love, the beautiful
Marina . . .
and like a thief
at night
I stole a glance
from radiant eyes—
enchantment!
. . . and as my heart beat louder,
I lost my patience
and I felt I must be free

to kneel before her—

I had to rid myself of my protector,
whose help I never wanted!

I had enough

(I told him so)

of all his talk,

his sly insinuations!

And then I saw a sight
that made me shudder—

I saw the proud and beautiful Marina
escorted by a toothless Polish ruin—
she smiled at him and whispered

of tender feelings,

of love and passion

of happiness and marriage,
to him—

to that toothless, tottering monster!

And yet I know

there's waiting for her

the splendor of glory:

the golden crown,

the scepter,

and the purple!

Oh—damn it all!

I want my sword—

I want my helmet—

my horse,

and on to glory!

The time has come—

my friends:

it's fame or death!

Fighting for me,

an army of heroes

will be victorious,

will win the day—

Glory to him who dares!

The throne will be mine!

[MARINA enters.]

MARINA

Dimitri! Tsarevich! Dimitri!

GRIGORI

It's you—Marina!

You have come, beloved,
most beautiful of all.

How the days are long,
and lonely, dearest,

when I must be without you.

Doubting,

my heart is suffering tortures.

all that I cherish,

all that my longing heart ever has hoped
for—

the dream of love and passion that I
dreamed—

now is shattered.

MARINA

I know:—you suffer.

No sleep at night

and yet you dream;

for day and night
 you always dream
 about Marina!
 But not for words of passion,
 not for a lover's empty ravings
 did I come to you!
 When you're alone and lonely,
 you may do all the dreaming
 that your heart desires!

GRIGORI

Marina!

MARINA

Yet there's no sacrifice,
 however great,
 that you won't bring for me,
 if love demands it so!
 but when
 will you . . .
 take Moscow
 as the Tsar?

GRIGORI

The Tsar!—Marina!
 All your words offend me.
 How can the throne,
 the heady wine of power,
 a swarm of servile men
 who flatter and betray you,
 how can all this make up to you
 for what you're losing:
 for love requited—
 for true devotion—
 for passion
 and wild embraces—
 for all that a woman
 can only find in loving?

MARINA

I know that!
 Yes, I know, we could be happy
 as a tender loving pair—
 What is glory—what is power?
 If we are in love, what do we care?
 I say no, Tsarevich!
 If love is all you're craving,
 in Moscow you will find
 a thousand enchanting women—
 the youngest, the fairest,
 they all are made for love!

GRIGORI

Don't speak of them to me!
 In beds of luxury
 they look for pleasure . . .
 Love indeed!
 A friendly word
 and they are yours—
 Don't call that love,
 don't call that passion!
 It's you—
 it's you alone,

Marina,
 it's you I worship!
 Yes, I adore you—
 With all my love,
 with all my passion.
 Hear me—
 I beg you!
 Have pity
 on my wounded heart—
 Do not reject my love!

MARINA

You love Marina?
 But do you love her
 only as a woman?
 Win the throne for me
 in Moscow—
 win the purple
 and the golden crown—
 that alone,
 my friend,
 can tempt me . . .

GRIGORI

How cruel you can be,
 invincible Marina,
 in all your words I feel
 the chilly wind of winter.
 See me lying at your feet,
 a humble slave, I beg of you:
 do not deny me,
 and my ardent passion!

MARINA

No—my tender hero,
 do not waste your words
 in vain endeavors!
 Up, my pining martyr,
 I pity you!
 Poor darling,
 how he suffers,
 how he weakens
 out of love for his Marina!
 Day and night
 you dream of loving—
 the mighty throne
 of Holy Russia
 and Boris
 you have forgotten!
 No, you never loved me!

GRIGORI

Marina—hear me first!

MARINA

Serve your Polish masters, you slave!

GRIGORI

Hear me first!
 No, Marina!
 I will not have you
 throw into my face
 the bitter lot

of times that are behind me—
Lies!
and you know you're lying—
I *am* the Tsar
and one day soon
from Russia's farthest regions
a host of valiant men
will heed the call of duty—
I will lead them all!
We will march on Moscow
and conquer the throne
that fate has willed to me!
Yes, and then,
as Tsar and master,
enthroned in lonely splendor,
I shall sit above you,
laughing and jeering at you!
I shall be happy
seeing you humbled at last—
and you, in abject obedience,
bemoaning the glory
that could have been yours,
will be crawling
up to the throne
on which I sit.
Everyone
will point a mocking finger at you,
and deride you!

MARINA

Deride me?
My Tsarevich!
I beseech you,
do forgive me
for the evil words that I spoke.
If I blamed you,
if I scorned you,
believe me, Dimitri:
love inspired all my words—
love for your glory.
a deep, abiding love for you
my master,
My Lord and Tsar!
You may put all your trust
in your Marina,
forget,
yes, forget me now!
Let fame be
your only love,
and conquer
the throne of the Tsar!

GRIGORI

Marina!
Oh, how I wish
that your words were true—
do not betray
a love that is holy!

MARINA

I love you, Tsar!

Yes, I love you—
You are my hero!

GRIGORI

Oh—let me hear it again, Marina—
Yes, this deep delight
that you promise me
will bring peace
to my tortured heart—
for ever and ever
you are mine!

MARINA

My Tsar!

GRIGORI

You, Tsarina,
you will be forever mine!
Come,
and embrace
the man you love.

MARINA

You have conquered my heart,
and I love you.
I'm forever yours.
Oh, my Dimitri—
heroes are waiting
to march with you
to fame:
the Tsar you will be!

[RANGONI reappears; he sees MARINA
and GRIGORI embracing, and shows his
delight over the victory he has won.]

GRIGORI

You, my Marina!
Oh, how impatiently
I'm longing to be happy—
the day of love must dawn!

RANGONI

What an enchanting sight:
lovers so sweet and so tender!
You may embrace her
with passionate kisses
but *I* have won
the game you played!

 ACT FOUR

 SCENE I

[*Outside a Convent, near Moscow. A
crowd of poor people. A group of men
enters, among them MITYUKH.*]

MEN

Say—is the service over?
Yes, and once again he was cursed!
What do you mean?
Once more they cursed
Grishka Otrepyev's name.
Grishka?

MITYUKH

Listen, brothers, let me tell you
how the deacon, the fat one,
started yelling:
"Grishka Otrepyev—
Anathema!"

MEN

This is very funny—
why should Dimitri care
if they are cursing Grishka?
He is not Grishka!

OTHERS

That's certain.

CHORUS

Some have seen him in the Kromy woods.
They say he can't be very far.
And soon he will destroy
Boris and all his might.
Triumphant, he will mount the golden
steps

to the throne
that rules over Russia.
He'll save us all.

Through him
Boris and all his henchmen
will be doomed.

THE OLD ONES

Will you shut up?
Stupid devils,
or are you longing
for the torture-chamber?
[*The SIMPLETON comes running, fol-
lowed by a group of boys.*]

BOYS

Trr, trr, trr, tr . . .
his hat is of tin
it makes such a din!
Trr, trr, trr, tr . . .
his hat is of tin—
it makes such a din!
U - lu - lu - lu - eh
Trrrr!

THE SIMPLETON

Moon is shining—
a kitten whining—
get up, you stupid fool,
pray to God above you,
ask that He should love you,
praise Lord Jesus!
Lovely weather . . . lovely moon-light—
lovely weather—moon-light . . .

BOYS

Greetings!
Greetings—
dear simpleton Ivanich,
get up and greet us!
Bow to show us your respect
and take off your cap—
such a heavy cap . . .

SIMPLETON

I have a coin—
I'm hiding it here!

BOYS

Liar!
Do not try to fool us, fool!

SIMPLETON

Here!

BOYS

There!

SIMPLETON

Ah—ah—
Why did you take my copeck away?
Ah—ah—
Come and give it back to me—
Ah—ah—
[*The retinue of the Tsar appears; BOYARS
are distributing alms.*]

CHORUS

Please, in the name of Christ,
do save us from hunger!
Tsar—Father—
in the name of the Saviour!

OTHERS

Look,
there's the Tsar.
Tsar—
in the name of Jesus, our Saviour
you are our father, Tsar:
have mercy on us,
for we all are your children!
In the name of Lord Jesus,
our Saviour.
[*BORIS has entered, accompanied by SHU-
ISKI.*]

CHORUS

Your people cry—
we're hungry—
We are hungry!
Give us bread to eat!
Tsar, give us bread to eat!
We are hungry—
Tsar—give us bread to eat!
In the name of Lord Jesus.

SIMPLETON

Ah—ah—ah—!
Boris—hear, Boris!
Those wicked boys
are nasty to me.

BORIS

Why does he cry so?

SIMPLETON

Those boys—
they took my only coin away.
Why don't you have them murdered,
the way you murdered long ago
our Tsarevich!

SHUISKI

Be silent, fool!
Arrest the stupid fool!

BORIS

[*Restraining SHUISKI.*]
Don't touch him!
Go, pray for your Tsar,
poor idiot. . . .
[*Exit BORIS.*]

SIMPLETON

No, Boris—
I cannot pray for you.
"Don't pray for Herod"
our Lady ordered me—
no, I must not pray
for Boris.

SCENE II

[*The Great Hall in the Kremlin. The
Duma is in session.*]

SHCHELKALOV

May I ask for your attention—:
The ruler of this land,
Tsar Boris Feodorich,
with all the blessings
of the Very Holy Patriarch,
and all the highest powers
of Russia's Church,
has ordered me to say:
"An outlaw,
thief,
and fugitive from prison,
with mutinous intent
has gathered to his ranks
a crowd of hunger-ridden hirelings,
and dares pretend to be
the late Tsarevich,
the rightful Tsar of Russia.
In his plotting
he is abetted
by some exiled noblemen
and by some Lithuanian rabble!
He wants to overthrow
law and order,
and you, Boyars,
he hopes to win as his supporters.
He even openly
proclaims his evil plans!"
You're requested,
friends and Boyars,
to weigh his crime
and pass an honest judgment!

BOYARS

Yes, let's take a vote on it.
What say you?

ANOTHER GROUP

First, tell us
what you think about him?

OTHERS

Well—our opinion is,
and always has been:
(take notes, Andrei Mikhailich)

VARIOUS GROUPS OF BOYARS

The scoundrel
must be condemned to death!
Wait a moment!
You'd better catch him first,
before you execute him.
Obvious!
We're not so sure
it's obvious!
You must be silent
till your turn comes!
The scoundrel,
whoever he may be,
once he's caught,
he shall be tortured,
and then we'll kill him,
and we'll hang his body—
Let him be
food for the hungry crows!
No! the flames
shall burn his body,
and all the people
shall be present
to witness his death
and curse his ashes.
And the winds
that storm in anger
will disperse
his cursed ashes,

ALL BOYARS

wiping out the last remembrance
of the life of this usurper!

VARIOUS GROUPS

And everyone who sides
with this imposter
shall die!
His corpse
be fastened
to the pole of shame!
His name
shall be proclaimed
in all parts of Russia—

ALL BOYARS

in all the cities,
towns, and smallest hamlets—
and everywhere it shall be read,
in every church,
and in the market places!
And, falling on our knees,
we'll pray
and ask the Lord

to have mercy
on our country,
this land of suffering.
But . . .
Shuiski is not with us?
though he's a traitor,
when he is not with us
we miss him in our council.
[SHUISKI *enters.*]

SHUISKI

Boyars! I ask your pardon!

BOYARS

Why,
speaking of the devil!

SHUISKI

If I am late,
forgive me—
and do believe me
that I have my reasons!
My mind
is full of gloomy thoughts—
my task is heavy!

BOYARS

Oh! shame on you,
Vasil Ivanich!
A man your age,
to get involved
in treason and sedition,
to make the fickle crowds believe
that he, Dimitri, is alive!

SHUISKI

What?
Surely, my brothers,
you are not serious?
How could I,
in these days of our misfortune,
when in my heart I share
all Russia's sorrow,
how could I think
of treason and sedition?
My enemies are spreading
these slanderous lies,
out of bitter hatred!
But as a friend, Boyars,
I am compelled to tell you
a strange and fearful tale.
Last week
I saw the Tsar,
and when I left him,
my heart was heavy
with pity for his soul's affliction . . .
A secret door
was open . . .
and I saw . . .
Oh, what a frightful scene
I witnessed!
Ashen . . .
his forehead moist with perspiration,

his body shaking . . .
and mumbling to himself
some strange and incoherent phrases—
eyes throwing
daggers of fury—
a secret pain
distorting his features . . .
I saw
the Tsar
of all the Russias!
Then . . .
he began
to stare into a corner,
he started to moan
and to shiver.

BOYARS

Lies! Liar!

SHUISKI

. . . and, crying out,
he called the dead Dimitri . . .
Seeing his ghost,
he raised his hands
to chase it . . .

[BORIS *appears, in a state of great agitation, as if trying to escape from a ghost.*]

"Go—go," he begged.

BORIS

Go! Go!

SHUISKI

Go, my child!

SHCHELKALOV

Heaven! It's . . . he!

BORIS

Go! go! Go, my child!

BOYARS

Help us, Lord—
Almighty God:
have mercy and protect us!

BORIS

Go—go!
Who says that I
have killed him?
It is not true:
He lives! Dimitri—
And Shuiski—
I will have him
drawn and quartered
for all his lies!

SHUISKI

May the Heaven's blessing
be with you!

BORIS

What! ?

[*Awakening from his trance, addresses the BOYARS.*]

I called for you, my counsels,

because I always
trust your wisdom—
In times of danger
and bitter trials
you are
the guardians of my power!

SHUISKI

Almighty Lord and Tsar!
You know I am
your humble slave,
yet duty bids me speak:
here's what happened—
Tsar,
a man came to your door—
he's very old
and humbly hopes
he might be allowed
to stand before his sovereign.
A man of truth and wisdom—
his life was pure and blameless—
he says he knows a secret
that he must tell you . . .

BORIS

Yes, Prince,
admit the man!
Perhaps his story
will be a welcome balsam
for all that secret fear
that tortures me so much . . .
[SHUISKI *returns with* PIMEN.]

PIMEN

My name is Pimen,
a peaceful monk,
oblivious of the world
and yet I ask
the Tsar should hear me.

BORIS

You're speaking to the Tsar:
tell your story—
tell your secret.

PIMEN

My story will be brief
and truthful:
it simply is a story
of God—
and all His wondrous blessings . . .
One evening,
close on the night,
a shepherd came to me . . .
his face was old with wrinkles . . .
he sat with me—
and this is what he told me—!
"From early childhood" . . .
he started
"I was blind—
I'd never seen the dark of night
nor daylight,
my eyes were dead!

In vain I tried
to heal them
with herbs and roots,
by secret incantation . . .
I wandered far
to find a holy well
and wash my eyes with soothing
waters . . .
that blindness!
I grew so used
to being blind
that, when I dreamt at night,
I did not even see
what I was dreaming—
my dreams were
only voices.
Once . . . I heard a voice
in dreaming,
soft and childish
it called my name . . .
I still hear that voice . . .
Come! get up at once,
find out where Uglich is—
go there
and enter the cathedral.
And then you kneel
and pray
where I am resting—
I'm buried there . . .
Dimitri—
your Tsarevich!
But I am now
among the Angels of the Lord
and am endowed with all the blessed gifts
of healing!
Next morning I
remembered
and set out for Uglich,
together with my grandson.
I found the grave,
and as I knelt in prayer,
I felt a strange elation:
my weary heart grew light,
and tears were streaming
down my face—
and of a sudden
I saw the light,
my grandson
and the grave!"
[BORIS, *who has listened to* PIMEN *with*
great attention, cries out and falls into
the arms of the BOYARS. PIMEN *has*
left.]

BORIS

I'm choking—choking!
Help me!
I want to see my son
I . . . cannot breathe . . .
cannot . . .

[FYODOR enters and throws his arms
around his father.]

Leave us alone—
my son and me!

BORIS

Farewell, my son,
I am dying . . .
from now on
you will be the Tsar!
Don't ever ask . . .
don't ask how I
ascended to this throne,
my son . . .
you need not know. . . .
Tsar you shall be,
and rightful ruler—
as my successor,
my son,
my first-begotten.
Hear me!
My child,
the regal purple
will weigh upon your shoulders:
these are times of danger.
That man—
that vile usurper,
the name he stole
appeals to foolish crowds.
Where you may look,
you see
rebellion—
a traitorous army,
hunger,
plague!
Hear me, Fyodor!
Do not trust the Boyars
and their words,
they're liars!
Never forget
that some are traitors
in league with Lithuania—
and treason must always be punished.
Be strong,
and merciless!
Yet, to be just in your judgment,
listen to your people.
Always fight for the Faith,
defend the true belief,
and revere the Saints,
and ask them to bless you.
Never lose
your own integrity,
my Fyodor:
in it you'll find your greatness—
a mind at rest
is a heart's salvation!
And Xenia,
protect her,
and be kind to her,

for now you are
her brother and her father.
Love and treasure her,
so pure,
so tender . . .
God above! merciful—
look down, my Lord,
upon a sinful father's tears.
Not for myself I pray,
not for myself I beg You!
Father!
See my children—
send to them
the light
of Your unending love—
Protect them both,
forever.
They are guiltless.
Angels of God the Lord:
You who guard
the eternal throne—
unfold your shining wings
to give him shelter,
to save my son, my Fyodor,
from every ill,
and from temptation.
Hear
those sepulchral sounds!

CHORUS (*of-stage*)

Mortal brothers,
weep and cry:
for his end is near—
forever
his lips will close
in eternal silence—
Mercy! Hallelujah!

BORIS

The plaint of death . . .
give me . . .
the cloister's vestments—
the Tsar
withdraws to God!

FYODOR

Mighty Tsar—
do have courage—
the Lord will help you—

BORIS

No, no, Fyodor—
this is the end.

CHORUS

Dying, a child appears
before our eyes—
we lament it,
poor child,
it struggles,
it moans and sobs
and cries and begs for mercy—
but death
will show no mercy!

BORIS

Heaven! Heaven!
I am lost.
Oh Lord—
forgive me
for my sins!
Oh fearful Death,
how cruel
is your torture—
It is not time yet—
I still am Tsar—
I still am Tsar . . .
Heaven—
death—
forgive me, all—
He . . .
he now is . . .
Tsar!
Forgive me—
forgive me.
[BORIS *dies.*]

BOYARS

[*In a whisper.*]
The Tsar! . . .

SCENE III

[*A forest near Kromy. A crowd of milling people, carrying the BOYAR KHURSHCHOV in their midst.*]

CHORUS

Let's set him down—

MEN

right here,
let's make him comfortable.
Sit down!
And so that he won't yell,
and that his noble throat
won't suffer damage,
let's stop his mouth!
That's it!

WOMEN

But, listen:
here sits a Boyar,
and you do not
pay him homage.

MEN

What?
No one greets him?

WOMEN

That's a scandal!
Friends of Boris
deserve more honor!

MEN

Boris, the robber Tsar,
he stole the throne of Russia,
but then
this robber
robbed the thief!

So—let's honor him for that,
like any decent thief—
Heh! come on—
Fomka—Epiklan,
be his body-guard.
That's it.

WOMEN

How can I
trust my eyes?
Whoever saw
an elegant Boyar
without a sweetheart?

OTHER WOMEN

We will not have it!
Boyars who have no sweethearts
are like thorns
without roses.
What can we do?

VARIOUS GROUPS OF WOMEN

Afimyа—come, help us!
We've heard it rumored
that you are
more than ninety years old—
If that's true,
then you're the one.
Come here,
and sacrifice your youth to him!
Sit down!

CHORUS

Ha—ha—ha!

MEN

Now then,
Let's sing a song for him
You, women—you are first!
Come on, women,
you are first!

WOMEN

He is not like an eagle
with wings soaring—
he is not like a steed,
with his mane flowing—
he sits and sits—
dear darling Boyar,
he is deep in thoughts.

CHORUS

Long live the proud Boyar!
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Glory!

MEN

Wait, women:
don't leave the poor Boyar
without his horse-whip!

OTHER MEN

Who speaks of horse-whips?
Cat-o-nine-tails
for him!
On with the song!

WOMEN

He sits
and sits,
he is pondering
how a Boyar
can oblige his Tsar—

CHORUS

How to please
and how to help him
torture and beat
decent folk?
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar!
Glory!

You have honored us
when we deserved honor,
and in darkest night
you have enlightened us:
Yes! by whipping
you have improved our mind—
thank you, Master.
You are so kind!

Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar—
Long live the proud Boyar,
Lickspittle of the Tsar.
Glory shall be your reward
forever,
Glory shall be your reward
forever more!
Glory—

praise to you!

[MISSAIL and VARLAAM are heard singing in the distance.]

MISSAIL and VARLAAM

Dim in the sky
are sun and moon—
and all the stars
will have vanished soon—
the day of final reckoning
has begun
for all the evil deeds
Boris has done.
Beasts roam the fields,
unknown to the sight,
and beast breeds beast
by day and by night.
And they slay
and devour
man and woman and child,
to punish the world
for all his sins!

MISSAIL

Those who are true
to God, the Lord,
must suffer pain
through Boris, the Tsar.

VARLAAM

He has bowed
to Hell's infernal ghost,

BOTH

to the glory of Satan
and his fearful host.
[MISSAIL and VARLAAM enter.]
Deep is the grief
of this holy land,
and heavy is the hand
of him who scorned the Lord,
that threefold cursed hand
of him who killed a Tsar—
for his sins
he will pay
in all eternity!

CHORUS

Who is singing?
Pious monks,
who come to us from Moscow—
Can you hear them?
They sing a song
of your Tsar Boris—
and of all the cruel tortures
. . . they sing of all the tortures
that are our lot,
. . . that he has meted out
to decent people!
To arms!
Free and daring
we will fight them—
valor always wins the day!
Free and daring
we will fight them!
valor always
wins the day!
We will fight them—
daring—
In this fight
we will gladly
shed our blood,
gladly shed our blood!
In this fight we will
gladly shed our blood!
And in glory rises,
and in glory rises
all our force and might,
rises all our force and might.
And in glory rises,
and in glory rises,
all our never-ending might.
All our glory,
all our might!
Eternal Russia's might.
Fight!
Might that guides
our fate—lead us!
Might that stems
from the Lord—lead us!

Don't betray your sons ever,
 valiant men
 who fight for us.
 Might—might!
 Might that rules all the universe,
 great and eternal might!
 Might!
 Don't betray those,
 who fight for you.
 Don't betray
 all those valiant men!
 Might!
 Might eternal—
 unending might!
 We sing a hymn to life-power—
 there's joy among your worshippers!
 Eternal might,
 great life-power!
 M i g h t !

VARLAAM and 3 MEN

Bid him welcome,
 dearest friends,
 the one and only Tsar!

MISSAIL and 3 MEN

Bid him welcome,
 him whom the Lord has saved
 from the evil hands
 of his vilest foe!

MISSAIL, VARLAAM and 3 MEN

Bid him welcome,
 dearest friends,
 and greet
 Dimitri,
 noble son of Ivan!

CHORUS

Everywhere
 Boris has his henchmen,
 who torture
 innocent people!
 Everywhere
 Boris has his henchmen,
 torturing
 innocent people!
 Torture most frightful,
 hanging and beating—
 the true believers must suffer
 Torture most cruel. . . .
 Hanging and beating
 innocent people,
 innocent people.
 Death!
 Death!
 Death!
 Death!
 Death for him—
 Death—
 Kill the killer!
 Death!—kill the killer!

Kill Boris the Killer. Death!
 Kill the Killer!
 He who has killed
 must die!

LAVITSKI and CHERNIKOVSKI

Domine, Domine, salvum fac Regem,
 Regem Demetrium Moscoviae, Regem
 Demetrium omnis Russiae, salvum fac
 Regem Demetrium!

CHORUS

And who are those?
 What devil brought them here?
 Like the wolves
 they're howling.
 What infernal noise!

VARLAAM

Nasty ravens,
 both of them.
 It seems
 they also are defending
 the rightful Tsar—
 We won't have it!
 My friend Missail.

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

We won't have it!
 [LAVITSKI and CHERNIKOVSKI *appear.*]

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

Let's kill the cursed ravens!

CHORUS

A tree—
 A tree!
 A rope!
 Yes! we will hang you—
 three-fold cursed enemies!

VARLAAM

Yes, dearest friends,
 we will hang them
 on the highest tree!

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

There they can pray
 for the universe
 in eternity!

CHORUS

A rope!
 [*The crowd ties the two Jesuits together.*]

LAVITSKI and CHERNIKOVSKI

Sanctissima Virgo, juva servos tuos.

VARLAAM

Let's tie them fast—
 and that will make an end
 to their praying!
 Let them beg and cry—
 no one shall help them!

CHORUS

A tree!
 Come on,
 let us hang them!

[*The crowd drags them away. The followers of DIMITRI enter.*]

VARLAAM and MISSAIL

Glory to you,
our Tsar and Lord—
saved by the grace of God!
Glory to you, our Tsar and Lord,
saved by the Lord on high!

CHORUS

Glory
our Tsar and Lord
saved by the grace of God—
you whom the Lord has saved
Glory to you—
saved by the grace of God.
Great be your power
Dimitri Ivanovich!

[*The crowd, VARLAAM, MISSAIL, LAVITSKI, CHERNIKOVSKI and the SIMPLETON, all greet the new ruler DIMITRI.*]

Glory—glory—glory!

[*GRIGORI (now under the name of DIMITRI) appears with his retinue.*]

DIMITRI

We, Dimitri Ivanovich,
by the grace of God, the Lord,
Tsarevich of all the Russias,
Prince of the blood
of noble forebears,
We assure you of our kindness.
To those
whom Godunov made suffer
we will grant protection!

KHRUSHCHOV

Mighty Lord,
our Tsar Dimitri,
glory to you!

DIMITRI

On to glory!
I lead you—

fight with me
to free
the land of our fathers!
With me
march on to Moscow!

[*The tocsin is heard from afar. DIMITRI leaves, followed by the entire crowd. The SIMPLETON remains all alone.*]

CHORUS

Hail!
Victory!
Hail,
mighty Tsar!
LAVITSKI and CHERNIKOVSKI (*off stage*)
Deo gloria—Deo gloria!

CHORUS (*from afar*)

Hail—
mighty Tsar,
Dimitri Ivanovich!
[*A great fire is seen in the distance. The SIMPLETON sits on a stone.*]

SIMPLETON

Eyes are burning,
bitter tears flowing—
cry, faithful heart,
cry in deep anguish:
soon the foe will come—
and the dark will fall—
night will blind us all
and no hope of dawn.
Russia's sorrow
is great—
Cry—cry—
Russian land—
hungry people—
cry. . . .

[*The sound of the tocsin continues. The SIMPLETON trembles, and gazes at the fire on the horizon.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY

